

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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IS HE POPENJOY ?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE KAPPA-KAPPA.

MRS. MONTACUTE JONES's house in Grosvenor Place was very large and very gorgeous. On this occasion it was very gorgeous indeed. The party had grown in dimensions. The new Moldavian dance had become the topic of general discourse. Everybody wanted to see the Kappa-kappa. Count Costi, Lord Gibley, young Sir Harry Tripletoe, and no doubt Jack de Baron also, had talked a good deal about it at the clubs. It had been intended to be a secret, and the ladies, probably, had been more reticent. Lady Florence Fitzflorencia had just mentioned it to her nineteen specially intimate friends. Madame Gigi, the young wife of the old Bohemian minister, had spoken of it only to the diplomatic set; Miss Patmore Green had been as silent as death, except to her own rather large family; and Lady George had hardly told anybody, except her father. But, nevertheless, the secret had escaped, and great efforts had been made to secure invitations. "I can get you to the Duchess of Albury's in July, if you can manage it for me," one young lady said to Jack de Baron.

"Utterly impossible!" said Jack, to whom the offered bribe was not especially attractive. "There won't be standing room in the cellars. I went down on my knees to Mrs. Montacute Jones for a very old friend, and she simply asked me whether I was mad." This was, of course, romance; but nevertheless the crowd was great, and the anxiety to see the Kappa-kappa universal.

By eleven the dancing had commenced. Everything had been arranged in the strictest manner. Whatever dance might be going on was to be brought to a summary close at twelve o'clock, and then the Kappa-kappa was to be commenced. It had been found that the dance occupied exactly forty minutes. When it was over the doors of the banqueting-hall would be opened. The Kappa-kappaites would then march in to supper, and the world at large would follow them.

Lady George, when she first entered the room, found a seat near the hostess, and sat herself down, meaning to wait for the important moment. She was a little flurried as she thought of various things. There was the evil woman before her, already dancing. The evil woman had nodded at her, and had then quickly turned away, determined not to see that her greeting was rejected; and there was Augusta Mildmay absolutely dancing with Jack de Baron, and looking as though she enjoyed the fun. But to Mary there was something terrible in it all. She had been so desirous to be happy—to be gay—to amuse herself, and yet to be innocent. Her father's somewhat epicurean doctrines had filled her mind completely. And what had hitherto come of it? Her husband mistrusted her; and she at this moment certainly mistrusted him most grievously. Could she fail to mistrust him? And she, absolutely conscious of purity, had been so grievously suspected! As she looked round on the dresses and diamonds, and heard the thick hum of voices, and saw on all sides the pretence of cordiality, as she watched the altogether unhidden flirtations of one girl, and the despondent frown of another, she began to ask herself whether

her father had not been wrong when he insisted that she should be taken to London. Would she not have been more safe, and therefore more happy, even down at Cross Hall, with her two virtuous sisters-in-law? What would become of her should she quarrel with her husband? and how should she not quarrel with him if he would suspect her, and would frequent the house of that evil woman?

Then Jack De Baron came up to her, talking to her father. The dean liked the young man, who had always something to say for himself, whose manners were lively, and who, to tell the truth, was more than ordinarily civil to Lady George's father. Whether Jack would have put himself out of the way to describe the Kappa-kappa to any other dignitary of the Church may be doubted, but he had explained it all very graciously to the dean. "So it seems that, after all, you are to dance with Captain De Baron," said the dean.

"Yes; isn't it hard upon me? I was to have stood up with a real French count, who has real diamond buttons, and now I am to be put off with a mere British captain, because my white frock is supposed to suit his red coat."

"And who has the count?"

"That odiously fortunate Lady Florence. And she has diamonds of her own. I think they should have divided the diamonds. Madame Gigi has the lord. Between ourselves, papa," and as she said this she whispered, and both her father and Jack bent over to hear her, "we are rather afraid of our lord; aren't we, Captain De Baron? There has been ever so much to manage, as we none of us quite wanted the lord. Madame Gigi talks very little English, so we were able to put him off upon her."

"And does the lord talk French?"

"That doesn't signify, as Giblet never talks at all," said Jack.

"Why did you have him?"

"To tell you the truth, among us all there is rather a hope that he will propose to Miss Patmore Green. Dear Mrs. Montacute Jones is very clever at these things, and saw at a glance that nothing would be so likely to make him do it as seeing Madeline Green dancing with Triplettoe. No fellow ever did dance so well as Triplettoe, or looked half so languishing. You see, dean, there are a good many ins and outs in these matters, and they have to be approached carefully." The dean was amused, and his daughter

would have been happy, but for the double care which sat heavy at her heart. Then Jack suggested to her that she might as well stand up for a square dance. All the other Kappa-kappaitea had danced or were dancing. The one thing on which she was firmly determined was that she would not be afraid of Captain De Baron. Whatever she did now she did immediately under her father's eye. She made no reply, but got up and put her hand on the captain's arm without spoken assent, as a woman will do when she is intimate with a man.

"Upon my word, for a very young creature I never saw such impudence as that woman's," said a certain Miss Punter to Augusta Mildmay. Miss Punter was a great friend of Augusta Mildmay, and was watching her friend's broken heart with intense interest.

"It is disgusting," said Augusta.

"She doesn't seem to mind the least who sees it. She must mean to leave Lord George altogether, or she would never go on like that. De Baron wouldn't be such a fool as to go off with her?"

"Men are fools enough for anything," said the broken-hearted one.

While this was going on Mary danced her square dance complacently; and her proud father, looking on, thought that she was by far the prettiest woman in the room.

Before the quadrille was over a gong was struck, and the music stopped suddenly. It was twelve o'clock, and the Kappa-kappa was to be danced. It is hard in most amusements to compel men and women into disagreeable punctuality; but the stopping of music will bring a dance to a sudden end. There were some who grumbled, and one or two declared that they would not even stay to look at the Kappa-kappa. But Mrs. Montacute Jones was a great autocrat; and in five minutes' time the four couples were arranged, with ample space, in spite of the pressing crowd.

It must be acknowledged that Jack De Baron had given no correct idea of the dance when he said that it was like a minuet; but it must be remembered also that Lady George had not been a party to that deceit. The figure was certainly a lively figure. There was much waltzing to quick time, the glory of which seemed to consist in going backwards, and in the interweaving of the couples without striking each other, as is done in skating. They were all very perfect, except poor Lord

Giblet, who once or twice nearly fell into trouble. During the performance they all changed partners more than once, but each lady came back to her own after very short intervals. All those who were not envious declared it to be very pretty, and prophesied great future success for the Kappa-kappa. Those who were very wise and very discreet hinted that it might become a romp, when danced without all the preparation which had been given to it on the present occasion. It certainly became faster as it progressed, and it was evident that considerable skill and considerable physical power was necessary for its completion. "It would be a deal too stagey for my girls," said Mrs. Conway Smith, whose "girls" had, during the last ten years, gone through every phase of flirtation invented in these latter times. Perhaps it did savour a little too much of ballet practice; perhaps it was true that with less care there might have been inconveniences. Faster it grew and faster; but still they had all done it before, and done it with absolute accuracy. It was now near the end. Each lady had waltzed a turn with each gentleman. Lady George had been passed on from the count to Sir Harry, and from Sir Harry to Lord Giblet. After her turn it was his lordship's duty to deliver her up to her partner, with whom she would make a final turn round the dancing space; and then the Kappa-kappa would have been danced. But alas! as Lord Giblet was doing this he lost his head, and came against the count and Madame Gigi. Lady George was almost thrown to the ground, but was caught by the captain, who had just parted with Lady Florence to Sir Harry. But poor Mary had been almost on the floor, and could hardly have been saved without something approaching to the violence of an embrace.

Lord George had come into the room very shortly after the Kappa-kappa had been commenced, but had not at once been able to get near the dancers. Gradually he worked his way through the throng, and when he first saw the performers could not tell who was his wife's partner. She was then waltzing backwards with Count Costi; and he, though he hated waltzing, and considered the sin to be greatly aggravated by the backward movement, and though he hated counts, was still somewhat pacified. He had heard since he was in the room how the partners were arranged, and had thought that his

wife had deceived him. The first glance was reassuring. But Mary soon returned to her real partner; and he slowly ascertained that she was in very truth waltzing with Captain De Baron. He stood there, a little behind the first row of spectators, never for a moment seen by his wife, but able himself to see everything, with a brow becoming every moment blacker and blacker. To him the exhibition was in every respect objectionable. The brightness of the apparel of the dancers was in itself offensive to him. The approach that had been made to the garishness of a theatrical performance made the whole thing, in his eyes, unfit for modest society. But that his wife should be one of the performers, that she should be gazed at by a crowd as she tripped about, and that, after all that had been said, she should be tripping in the arms of Captain De Baron, was almost more than he could endure. Close to him, but a little behind, stood the dean, thoroughly enjoying all that he saw. It was to him a delight that there should be such a dance to be seen in a lady's drawing-room, and that he should be there to see it. It was to him an additional delight that his daughter should have been selected as one of the dancers. These people were all persons of rank and fashion, and his girl was among them quite as their equal—his girl, who some day should be Marchioness of Brotherton. And it gratified him thoroughly to think that she enjoyed it—that she did it well—that she could dance so that standers-by took pleasure in seeing her dancing. His mind in the matter was altogether antagonistic to that of his son-in-law.

Then came the little accident. The dean, with a momentary impulse, put up his hand, and then smiled well pleased when he saw how ably the matter had been rectified by the captain's activity. But it was not so with Lord George. He pressed forward into the circle with so determined a movement, that nothing could arrest him till he had his wife by the arm. Everybody, of course, was staring at him. The dancers were astounded. Mary apparently thought less of it than the others, for she spoke to him with a smile. "It is all right, George; I was not in the least hurt."

"It is disgraceful!" said he in a loud voice; "come away."

"Oh yes," she said; "I think we had finished. It was nobody's fault."

"Come away; I will have no more of this."

"Is there anything wrong?" asked the dean, with an air of innocent surprise.

The offended husband was almost beside himself with passion. Though he knew that he was surrounded by those who would mock him, he could not restrain himself. Though he was conscious at the moment that it was his special duty to shield his wife, he could not restrain his feelings. The outrage was too much for him. "There is very much the matter," he said, aloud; "let her come away with me." Then he took her under his arm, and attempted to lead her away to the door.

Mrs. Montacute Jones had, of course, seen it all, and was soon with him. "Pray, do not take her away, Lord George," she said.

"Madam, I must be allowed to do so," he replied, still pressing on. "I would prefer to do so."

"Wait till her carriage is here."

"We will wait below. Good-night, good-night." And so he went out of the room with his wife on his arm, followed by the dean. Since she had perceived that he was angry with her, and that he had displayed his anger in public, Mary had not spoken a word. She had pressed him to come and see the dance, not without a purpose in her mind. She meant to get rid of the thralldom to which he had subjected her when desiring her not to waltz, and had done so in part when she obtained his direct sanction at Lady Brabazon's. No doubt she had felt that as he took liberties as to his own life, as he received love-letters from an odious woman, he was less entitled to unqualified obedience than he might have been had his hands been perfectly clean. There had been a little spirit of rebellion engendered in her by his misconduct; but she had determined to do nothing in secret. She had asked his leave to waltz at Lady Brabazon's, and had herself persuaded him to come to Mrs. Montacute Jones's. Perhaps she would hardly have dared to do so, had she known that Captain De Baron was to be her partner. While dancing she had been unaware of her husband's presence, and had not thought of him. When he had first come to her, she had in truth imagined that he had been frightened by her narrow escape from falling. But when he bade her come away, with that frown on his face, and with that awful voice, then she knew it all. She had no alternative but to take his arm, and to "come away." She had

not courage enough—I had better perhaps say impudence enough—to pretend to speak to him, or to anyone near him, with ease. All eyes were upon her, and she felt them; all tongues would be talking of her, and she already heard the ill-natured words. Her own husband had brought all this upon her—her own husband, whose love-letter from another woman she had so lately seen, and so readily forgiven! It was her own husband who had so cruelly, so causelessly subjected her to shame in public, which could never be washed out or forgotten! And who would sympathise with her? There was no one now but her father. He would stand by her; he would be good to her; but her husband, by his own doing, had wilfully disgraced her.

Not a word was spoken till they were in the cloak-room, and then Lord George stalked out to find the brougham, or any cab that might take them away from the house. Then for the first time the dean whispered a word to her. "Say as little as you can to him to-night, but keep up your courage."

"Oh papa!"

"I understand it all. I will be with you immediately after breakfast."

"You will not leave me here alone?"

"Certainly not, nor till you are in your carriage. But listen to what I am telling you. Say as little as you can till I am with you. Tell him that you are unwell to-night, and that you must sleep before you talk to him."

"Ah! you don't know, papa."

"I know that I will have the thing put on a right footing." Then Lord George came back, having found a cab. He gave his arm to his wife and took her away, without saying a word to the dean. At the door of the cab the dean bade them both good-night. "God bless you, my child," he said.

"Good-night; you'll come to-morrow?"

"Certainly." Then the door was shut, and the husband and wife were driven away.

Of course this little episode contributed much to the amusement of Mrs. Montacute Jones's guests. The Kappa-kappa had been a very pretty exhibition, but it had not been nearly so exciting as that of the jealous husband. Captain De Baron, who remained, was, of course, a hero. As he could not take his partner in to supper, he was honoured by the hand of Mrs. Montacute Jones herself. "I wouldn't have had that happen for a thousand pounds," said the old lady.

"Nor I for ten," said Jack.

"Has there been any reason for it?"

"None in the least. I can't explain of what nature is my intimacy with Lady George, but it has been more like that of children than grown people."

"I know. When grown people play at being children, it is apt to be dangerous."

"But we had no idea of the kind. I may be wicked enough. I say nothing about that. But she is as pure as snow. Mrs. Jones, I could no more dare to press her hand than I would to fly at the sun. Of course I like her."

"And she likes you."

"I hope so—in that sort of way. But it is shocking that such a scene should come from such a cause."

"Some men, Captain De Baron, don't like having their handsome young wives liked by handsome young officers. It's very absurd, I grant."

Mrs. Jones and Captain De Baron did really grieve at what had been done, but to others, the tragedy coming after the comedy had not been painful. "What will be the end of it?" said Miss Patmore Green to Sir Harry.

"I am afraid they won't let her dance it any more," said Sir Harry, who was intent solely on the glories of the Kappakappa. "We shall hardly get anyone to do it so well."

"There'll be something worse than that, I'm afraid," said Miss Green.

Count Costi suggested to Lady Florence that there would certainly be a duel. "We never fight here in England, count."

"Ah! dat is bad. A gentleman come and make himself vera disagreeable. If he most fight perhaps he would hold his tong. I tink we do things better in Paris and Vienna." Lord Giblet volunteered his opinion to Madame Gigi that it was very disgraceful. Madame Gigi simply shrugged her shoulders, and opened her eyes. She was able to congratulate herself on being able to manage her own husband better than that.

CHAPTER XXXIX. REBELLION.

LADY GEORGE never forgot that slow journey home in the cab—for in truth it was very slow. It seemed to her that she would never reach her own house. "Mary," he said, as soon as they were seated, "you have made me a miserable man." The cab rumbled and growled frightfully, and he felt himself unable to attack her with dignity while they were progressing. "But

I will postpone what I have to say till we have reached home."

"I have done nothing wrong," said Mary, very stoutly.

"You had better say nothing more till we are at home." After that not a word more was said, but the journey was very long.

At the door of the house Lord George gave his hand to help her out of the cab, and then marched before her through the passage into the dining-room. It was evident that he was determined to make his harangue on that night. But she was the first to speak. "George," she said, "I have suffered very much, and am very tired. If you please, I will go to bed."

"You have disgraced me," he said.

"No; it is you that have disgraced me and put me to shame before everybody, for nothing, for nothing. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed." She looked up into his face, and he could see that she was full of passion, and by no means in a mood to submit to his reproaches. She, too, could frown, and was frowning now. Her nostrils were dilated, and her eyes were bright with anger. He could see how it was with her; and though he was determined to be master, he hardly knew how he was to make good his masterdom.

"You had better listen to me," he said.

"Not to-night. I am too ill, too thoroughly wretched. Anything you have got to say of course I will listen to, but not now." Then she walked to the door.

"Mary!" She paused with her hand on the lock. "I trust that you do not wish to contest the authority which I have over you?"

"I do not know; I cannot say. If your authority calls upon me to own that I have done anything wrong, I shall certainly contest it. And if I have not, I think—I think you will express your sorrow for the injury you have done me to-night." Then she left the room before he had made up his mind how he would continue his address. He was quite sure that he was right. Had he not desired her not to waltz? At that moment he quite forgot the casual permission he had barely given at Lady Brabazon's, and which had been intended to apply to that night only. Had he not specially warned her against this Captain De Baron, and told her that his name and hers were suffering from her intimacy with the man? And then, had she not deceived him directly by naming another person as her partner in that

odious dance? The very fact that she had so deceived him was proof to him that she had known that she ought not to dance with Captain De Baron, and that she had a vicious pleasure in doing so, which she had been determined to gratify even in opposition to his express orders. As he stalked up and down the room in his wrath, he forgot as much as he remembered. It had been represented to him that this odious romp had been no more than a minuet; but he did not bear in mind that his wife had been no party to that misrepresentation. And he forgot, too, that he himself had been present as a spectator at her express request. And, when his wrath was at the fullest, he almost forgot those letters from Adelaide Houghton! But he did not forget that all Mrs. Montacute Jones's world had seen him, as, in his offended marital majesty, he took his wife out from amidst the crowd, declaring his indignation and his jealousy to all who were there assembled. He might have been wrong there. As he thought of it all, he confessed to himself as much as that. But the injury done had been done to himself rather than to her. Of course they must leave London now, and leave it for ever. She must go with him whither he might choose to take her. Perhaps Manor Cross might serve for their lives' seclusion, as the marquis would not live there. But Manor Cross was near the Deanery, and he must sever his wife from her father. He was now very hostile to the dean, who had looked on and seen his abasement, and had smiled. But, through it all, there never came to him for a moment any idea of a permanent quarrel with his wife. It might, he thought, be long before there was permanent comfort between them. Obedience, absolute obedience, must come before that could be reached. But of the bond which bound them together he was far too sensible to dream of separation. Nor, in his heart, did he think her guilty of anything but foolish, headstrong indiscretion, of that and, latterly, of dissimulation. It was not that Cæsar had been wronged, but that his wife had enabled idle tongues to suggest a wrong to Cæsar.

He did not see her again that night, betaking himself at a very late hour to his own dressing-room. On the next morning at an early hour he was awake thinking. He must not allow her to suppose for a moment that he was afraid

of her. He went into her room a few minutes before their usual breakfast hour, and found her, nearly dressed, with her maid. "I shall be down directly, George," she said in her usual voice. As he could not bid the woman go away, he descended and waited for her in the parlour. When she entered the room she instantly rang the bell, and contrived to keep the man in the room while she was making the tea. But he would not sit down. How is a man to scold his wife properly with toast-and-butter on a plate before him? "Will you not have your tea?" she asked, oh, so gently.

"Put it down," he said. According to her custom, she got up and brought it round to his place. When they were alone she would kiss his forehead as she did so; but now the servant was just closing the door, and there was no kiss.

"Do come to your breakfast, George," she said.

"I cannot eat my breakfast while all this is on my mind. I must speak of it. We must leave London at once."

"In a week or two."

"At once. After last night, there must be no more going to parties." She lifted her cup to her lips, and sat quite silent. She would hear a little more before she answered him. "You must feel, yourself, that for some time to come, perhaps for some years, privacy will be the best for us."

"I feel nothing of the kind, George."

"Could you go and face those people after what happened last night?"

"Certainly I could, and should think it my duty to do so to-night, if it were possible. No doubt you have made it difficult, but I would do it."

"I was forced to make it difficult. There was nothing for me to do but to take you away."

"Because you were angry, you were satisfied to disgrace me before all the people there. What has been done cannot be helped. I must bear it. I cannot stop people from talking and thinking evil. But I will never say that I think evil of myself by hiding myself. I don't know what you mean by privacy. I want no privacy."

"Why did you dance with that man?"

"Because it was so arranged."

"You had told me it was someone else?"

"Do you mean to accuse me of a falsehood, George? First one arrangement had been made, and then another."

"I had been told before how it was to be."

"Who told you? I can only answer for myself."

"And why did you waltz?"

"Because you had withdrawn your foolish objection. Why should I not dance like other people? Papa does not think it wrong."

"Your father has nothing to do with it."

"If you ill-treat me, George, papa must have something to do with it. Do you think he will see me disgraced before a room full of people, as I was yesterday, and hold his tongue? Of course you are my husband, but he is still my father; and if I want protection he will protect me."

"I will protect you," said Lord George, stamping his foot upon the floor.

"Yes; by burying me somewhere. That is what you say you mean to do. And why? Because you get some silly nonsense into your head, and then make yourself and me ridiculous in public. If you think I am what you seem to suspect, you had better let papa have me back again, though that is so horrible that I can hardly bring myself to think of it. If you do not think so, surely you should beg my pardon for the affront you put on me last night."

This was a way in which he had certainly not looked at the matter. Beg her pardon! He, as a husband, beg a wife's pardon under any circumstances! And beg her pardon for having carried her away from a house in which she had manifestly disobeyed him. No, indeed. But then he was quite as strongly opposed to that other idea of sending her back to her father, as a man might send a wife who had disgraced herself. Anything would be better than that. If she would only acknowledge that she had been indiscreet, they would go down together into Brothershire, and all might be comfortable. Though she was angry with him, obstinate and rebellious, yet his heart was softened to her because she did not throw the woman's love-letter in his teeth. He had felt that here would be his great difficulty, but his difficulty now arose rather from the generosity which kept her silent on the subject. "What I did," he said, "I did to protect you."

"Such protection was an insult." Then she left the room before he had tasted his tea or his toast. She had heard her father's knock, and knew that she would find him in the drawing-room. She had made up her mind how she would tell the story to him; but when she was with him

he would have no story told at all. He declared that he knew everything, and spoke as though there could be no doubt as to the heinousness, or rather, absurdity, of Lord George's conduct. "It is very sad—very sad, indeed," he said; "one hardly knows what one ought to do."

"He wants to go down—to Cross Hall."

"That is out of the question. You must stay out your time here and then come to me, as you arranged. He must get out of it by saying that he was frightened by thinking that you had fallen."

"It was not that, papa."

"Of course it was not; but how else is he to escape from his own folly?"

"You do not think that I have been—wrong—with Captain De Baron?"

"I! God bless you, my child. I think that you have been wrong! He cannot think so either. Has he accused you?"

Then she told him, as nearly as she could, all that had passed between them, including the expression of his desire that she should not waltz, and his subsequent permission given at Lady Brabazon's. "Pish!" he ejaculated. "I hate these attempted restrictions. It is like a woman telling her husband not to smoke. What a fool a man must be not to see that he is preparing misery for himself, by laying embargoes on the recreations of his nearest companion!" Then he spoke of what he himself would do. "I must see him, and if he will not hear reason you must go with me to the Deanery without him."

"Don't separate us, papa."

"God forbid that there should be any permanent separation. If he be obstinate, it may be well that you should be away from him for a week or two. Why can't a man wash his dirty linen at home, if he has any to wash? His, at any rate, did not come to him with you."

Then there was a very stormy scene in the dining-room between the two men. The dean, whose words were infinitely more ready and available than those of his opponent, said very much the most, and by the fierce indignation of his disclaimers, almost prevented the husband from dwelling on the wife's indiscretion. "I did not think it possible that such a man as you could have behaved so cruelly to such a girl."

"I was not cruel; I acted for the best."

"You degraded yourself, and her too."

"I degraded no one," said Lord George.

"It is hard to think what may now best be done to cure the wound which she

has been made to suffer. I must insist on this—that she must not be taken from town before the day fixed for her departure.”

“I think of going to-morrow,” said Lord George, gloomily.

“Then you must go alone, and I must remain with her.”

“Certainly not; certainly not.”

“She will not go. She shall not be made to run away. Though everything have to be told in the public prints, I will not submit to that. I suppose you do not dare to tell me that you suspect her of any evil?”

“She has been indiscreet.”

“Suppose I granted that—which I don’t—is she to be ground into dust in this way for indiscretion? Have not you been indiscreet?” Lord George made no direct answer to this question, fearing that the dean had heard the story of the love-letter; but of that matter the dean had heard nothing. “In all your dealings with her, can you tax yourself with no deviation from wisdom?”

“What a man does is different. No conduct of mine can blemish her name.”

“But it may destroy her happiness—and if you go on in this way it will do so.”

During the whole of that day the matter was discussed. Lord George obstinately insisted on taking his wife down to Cross Hall, if not on the next day, then on the day after. But the dean, and with the dean the young wife, positively refused to accede to this arrangement. The dean had his things brought from the hotel to the house in Munster Court, and though he did not absolutely declare that he had come there for his daughter’s protection, it was clear that this was intended. In such an emergency Lord George knew not what to do. Though the quarrel was already very bitter, he could not quite tell his father-in-law to leave the house; and then there was always present to his mind a feeling that the dean had a right to be there, in accordance with the pecuniary arrangement made. The dean would have been welcome to the use of the house and all that was in it, if only Mary would have consented to be taken at once down to Cross Hall. But being under her father’s wing, she would not consent. She pleaded that by going at once, or running away as she called it, she would own that she had done something wrong, and she was earnest in declaring that nothing should wring such a confession from her. Every-

body, she said, knew that she was to stay in London to the end of June. Everybody knew that she was then to go to the Deanery. It was not to be borne that people should say that her plans had been altered, because she had danced the Kappa-kappa with Captain De Baron. She must see her friends before she went, or else her friends would know that she had been carried into banishment. In answer to this, Lord George declared that he, as husband, was paramount. This Mary did not deny, but, paramount as the authority was, she would not, in this instance, be governed by it.

It was a miserable day to them all. Many callers came, asking after Lady George, presuming that her speedy departure from the ball had been caused by her accident. No one was admitted, and all were told that she had not been much hurt. There were two or three stormy scenes between the dean and his son-in-law, in one of which Lord George asked the dean whether he conceived it to be compatible with his duty, as a clergyman of the Church of England, to induce a wife to disobey her husband. In answer to this, the dean said that in such a matter the duty of a Church dignitary was the same as that of any other gentleman, and that he, as a gentleman, and also as a dignitary, meant to stand by his daughter. She refused to pack up, or to have her things packed. When Lord George came to look into himself, he found that he had not power to bid the servants do it in opposition to their mistress. That the power of a husband was paramount he was well aware, but he did not exactly see his way to the exercise of it. At last he decided that he, at any rate, would go down to Cross Hall. If the dean chose to create a separation between his daughter and her husband, he must bear the responsibility.

On the following day he did go down to Cross Hall, leaving his wife and her father in Munster Court without any definite plans.

SCHOOL-BOARD JOURNALISM.

WHILST cabmen possess, or did possess, a newspaper, and dairymen are in the same position, and villa gardeners take in an organ christened after themselves, and The Pawnbrokers’ Gazette flourishes, and The Wine Trade Review is an aristocratic monthly, selling at the aristocratic price of two shillings; whilst brewers, whip-

makers, sewing-machine sellers, and a host of others,* all rise to periodic representation, it is not likely that school teachers would leave themselves outmarched on such an apparently easy journey. School teachers are a vast and growing army. They tread on and on; and whether they are in the grades of monitors, pupil-teachers, assistant-masters, assistant-mistresses, head-masters, head-mistresses, they represent a force not to be looked at with contempt, and in which an immensity of quite novel power is being placed. Their vitality is undeniable; their enterprise—as it could not help—matches it. Confining allusion to such of them as may be known under the broad and general title of elementary teachers, whose results are tested by Government examinations, whose incomes are assured, or bettered, by Government grants, they are in the enjoyment of from half a score to a score of journalistic organs, of new birth, or of new life and management, that would never have been born if they had not been born also, and that are devoted entirely to their interests. The School Board Chronicle may stand at the head of these; and running by the side of it, in about as full and active administration, are The Schoolmaster, The School Guardian, The Pupil Teacher, The Educational Guide, The Irish School Magazine, The Teachers' Assistant, The Scholastic Register, The National Schoolmaster, The Students' Magazine, The Educational News, The Journal of Education, and others. And this is not touching Sunday-school serials, let it be observed, even in the most shadowy manner. The absolute educational work of every day is rigidly adhered to; and when it was said that the body of teachers has surprising enterprise and vitality, does not the fact of this newspaper production and consumption give the statement ample justification?

Naturally a certain portion of these scholastic serials is taken up by advertisements; and in the department of these that relates to the schools that want teachers, and to the teachers that want schools, there is some very suggestive and agreeable matter. It is made clear, at the least, that some passing richness may be obtained, and some very enjoyable lives be spent, by school teachers amidst rural pleasures and pastimes, if they only take, with full hearts and souls, to scholarship and contentment. Thus: A cer-

tificated master for a mixed village school is advertised for, his salary ninety pounds, with house that is even partly furnished, firing, and large garden. Another master in a country school is to have one hundred and sixty pounds, with house; a third, one hundred pounds; a fourth, one hundred and twenty pounds; a fifth one hundred and thirty pounds to begin with, and to increase by five pounds per annum till he reaches one hundred and sixty pounds, with the additional bonus of seven-and-a-half per cent. on his salary if he passes eighty boys out of each hundred, or of ten per cent. if he passes ninety. Nor are matters less satisfactory and enticing—considering the different expenses incident to women and to men—when, instead of a master being wanted, it is a mistress. In one country town a mistress is guaranteed ninety pounds a year; another teacher, for Devonshire, is guaranteed fifty pounds, with half the Government grant and a furnished house; a third is to have sixty pounds, with residence and coals; a fourth, sixty pounds, with house partly furnished; a fifth, not less than eighty pounds; a sixth, ninety pounds, with one-third of grant received. Even an assistant-mistress, in a large seaport, is offered sixty pounds; another is coaxed to come by the announcement that the situation is pleasant, overlooking the Solent. And if competent mistresses will only go to South Africa, the salary offered is eighty pounds each, with board, lodging, and washing, and with passage paid. In the case of married masters with wives able to assist them, or of single masters having mother or sister—or, as it is comprehensively printed, female relative—competent to help, the incomes promised, and the surroundings, offer quite as many advantages. An approved couple of this kind, in an agricultural district, are to have one hundred pounds a year at least—which means that results may make it more—with house and garden; a second couple, in Warwickshire, are to have one hundred and forty pounds, a free residence, and a notified third of the resulting Government grant. A Rutlandshire School Board offers a similar couple one hundred and twenty pounds, with portion of grant, good school-house, and garden; another board, farther south, offers one hundred pounds a year, with house, garden, and coals; and salaries of eighty and ninety pounds a year, with additions from the grants paid for scholars who pass, are

* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 19, p. 389, "The Press of the Trades."

abundant. Some of the committees the accepted masters and mistresses will have to encounter will be found full of crotchets, it is true. One of them, for instance, expects candidates to execute a little compound multiplication sum, at the very moment their eyes are running up and down the columns of the journal in which it advertises. The committee in question, being apparently mean at the outset over the salary, which is only thirty-four pounds, says: "Plus children's pence, plus Government grant (part), besides cottage (partly furnished), and garden"—partly dug, it might have been added, to complete it. Then another committee says: "Salary, sixty pounds, plus half grant, plus half pence, plus ten pounds for organ and choir; good house and garden (rent free)." Number Three touches a mistress. It reads: "For mixed village school. Healthy, bracing situation. Retired. Average attendance, thirty-five. Harmonium. Salary, fifty pounds. Good furnished house and garden." The vicar is to be addressed by the certificated mistress who is wanted for this, immediately; and it is quite easy to see the brisk, bustling gentleman, and to hear his sharp, short voice. There is to be nothing superfluous in his arrangements, it is clear; and the teacher to be subjected to his visiting and his questionings had better always have her answers prepared, very compact and concise. A vicar of precisely opposite nature, the owner of a magnificent, sonorous, and circumlocutory style, introduces Number Four. This gentleman says a mistress "will be required to undertake the entire school charge of, and be responsible for, the instruction and education of forty to fifty girls; she should be a good needlewoman, and able to teach the girls to make their own clothes." On the same model is formed the clergyman who insinuates, "Salary, forty pounds a year, school pence (which average fifteen pounds a year), half the Government grant (worth say twenty pounds), and excellent furnished house and garden free." Also the agent, who suggests that, "After deducting amount paid to pupil-teachers, the income of the school, less one-third of Government grant, will be given as salary. Income last year was, from grant, one hundred and nine pounds; school fees, eighty pounds; yearly contribution, twenty pounds. House and garden. Master with wife and small family, and some musical qualifications, preferred." It

would be so much more conclusive if these gentlemen would say at once what the aggregate salary is likely to be; and they have excellent examples for this in the straightforward statements of other people. Says one, "Good disciplinarian. Harmonium, singing. Salary, sixty pounds." Say others: "Good church-people; small organ, choir, Sunday school. Salary, ninety pounds." "Salary, one hundred pounds; no residence." "Salary, seventy pounds, with school-house." "Salary last year over ninety pounds; extra salary to a good player on the organ, sixteen pounds."

Besides, if School Board secretaries, cleric or lay, want models of brief and decisive advertisements, let them search the teachers' newspapers, and note how the teachers describe themselves. "Trained, experienced, successful, open to engagement, August," stands out admirably. So does "Trained, certificated, experienced master. Divinity, drawing (D), sciences, drill." So does "School, organ, choir, parchment certificate, second class. Boys or mixed. Good musician, experienced, married. Passed ninety-seven per cent. Age, thirty-six." It would be rather difficult to exceed this advertising compression power, not to say telegraphic terseness. It would be difficult to give better proof of how well elementary teachers remember that every word has to be paid for, and of how perfectly they are aware of the telling quality of good plump nouns. Nothing but good can be said, either, of "Permanent or temporary. Trained, certificated, married master. Boys or mixed. Excellent reports, testimonials, references;" or of "Harmonium, singing. Communicant. Excellent needlewoman. Mother resident with her;" or of "Good organist. Anglican or Gregorian services. Mezzo-soprano voice. Good disciplinarian and needlewoman;" or of "Battersea-trained. Parchment. Archbishop's certificate. Drawing (D). Three sciences;" or of "Board or British. Boys or mixed. Drawing, singing, drill. Single." Advancing a little farther into technicalities, too, there may be read this: "Ex-P. T., provisionally certificated, desires assistantship. Disciplinarian, drawing, singing, music. And this: "Ex-P. T. Girls or infants; latter preferred. No Sunday work. Musical." And this: "A male ex-P. T. Trained in large suburban school." And this: "A P. T. Needlework. Well recommended. Willing to sit."

But this is a mystification that enforces stoppage at last.

Willing to sit? And it is not a unique specimen. There is an uncertificated mistress willing to sit; there is a master who would sit at Christmas—if properly accommodated, evidently, otherwise he would refuse; there is a young man equally minded; there is a “transfer” who will sit, with nothing provisional about him, but a firm resolution. From which it is evident that sitting is a tolerably comprehensive operation; and then, when we come to a less economical teacher, profuse enough to say, and pay for, that she is willing to sit for certificate at Christmas, we get necessary explanation, that the act means the going up for examination, and the thing is clear. An ex-P. T. gets elucidated in time, too, after a similar fashion. P. T. is short for pupil-teacher, the ex-ness of him bearing its own meaning; and when this is comprehended, together with the facts that a mixed school means one where boys and girls are taught in the same classes, that drawing (D) means the drawing of the sort that can apply for Government grant or special payment, we may pass on to another subject, or, to use another elementary teacher’s technicality, we may pass on to another standard or section. Even at the moment the passing is being done, though, it shall just be jotted down that the other Government teachers, in setting out their claims, say that they have tonic sol-fa qualifications; views that are evangelical; five languages; six sciences; eight sciences; can teach mathematics, physiology, navigation, and, what sounds tame in comparison, geography; can take infants and harmonium; are pianists; are hard-working; are energetic; can claim their certificates—without the preliminary sitting, it is to be presumed—under Article Fifty-nine.

Look at the number of associations that have arisen, the institutes, unions, clubs, improvement societies, benevolent societies, and so on; all for teachers in some grade or another, all supported by teachers in some grade or another; each having rules, prospectus, officers, agenda, subscriptions; each having mention from time to time, in long report or short, in one or another of the teachers’ periodicals under observation. These societies, it appears, by notices in the proper columns, exist at such centres as Huddersfield, Tyneside, Manchester, Aberavon, Eastbourne, Daventry, Sherborne, Reigate,

Doncaster; in the metropolis, each district has its own. The agenda of one reads, in a clear advertisement: “First. New scheme for the higher instruction of P. T.’s. Secondly. Other business;” of another: “Business will include a discussion of the New Code regulations and a report of the late conference proceedings;” and it must be seen that work of this sort is not to be done without earnest feeling and considerable expenditure of time. These societies, also, have a recognised head, or leader, in the National Union of Elementary Teachers, appearing constantly in the teachers’ organs, under the abbreviated form of the N. U. E. T. This has an income of one thousand pounds a year, it can pay its secretary a salary of three hundred and fifty pounds; it appears, by a full report of its proceedings, to tackle manfully, in its annual conference, every resolution of the body above it—the members of the School Board—and every resolution of my lords, the body above them; it speaks of its own members and delegates, with the names of the places they come from after their own names, exactly as if they were representatives sitting, not in a scholastic sense, for some town or borough; it has so serious and just a sense of its own responsibility, it could applaud heartily when its president said, according to the report: “We are the practical workers of the educational machine, and, next to the Eastern question, the question of education is undoubtedly the question of the day.” And does this seem full of meaning? It must. Take a step in another direction, if further proof is wanted of it. Look at the school boards themselves, new-born in every direction, as new as the teachers they are to appoint and regulate, and being newly-born still, like them, to the right, to the left, in the north, south, east, west. The teachers’ newspapers report that these school boards are busy about fees, about prize essays, about corporal punishment, public reprimands, cookery classes, the new code of needlework, the election of visitors, the payment of them, the increase of salaries, the choice of sites, the erection of buildings, the arrangement of details, and greater and lesser matters which it would be wearisome to enumerate. Much comic business comes up in the midst. When a country board is discussing the Baroness Burdett Coutts’s prizes for essays on Cruelty to Animals, a member asks: “Are the essays purely unsectarian?” and he gets for answer: “As unsectarian as the animals.”

When another country board wants to frame byelaws that shall enable it to touch the donkey-boys of the neighbourhood, the mover calls out excitedly to the chairman: "Carry out the law, sir! Carry out the law!" When a third board is passing plans for a class-room for cookery, and hard opposition is offered to the outlay, the chairman cries: "Cookery is a most essential branch of education! I prefer a servant that can cook a mutton-chop, to one that can parse a sentence!" When a fourth board, Scotch, is arguing for six weeks' summer holiday, agricultural considerations having something to do with the length of it, a member rises and says he is startled, moved, appalled, by the fact that six weeks' holiday for two thousand five hundred scholars, is the loss of fifteen thousand weeks of instruction; is the loss, with thirty-eight weeks in a session, of three hundred and ninety-four sessions; is the further loss to the country of the instruction of seven thousand five hundred pupils for eight years, or something like sixty thousand lessons! When a fifth school board—in South Britain again, and pleasantly rural—is settling who is a tradesman and who is not; because tradesmen are to pay more than the usual fee of a penny for each child, and persons selling sweets are tradespeople, yet might be very poor; Mr. Somebody propounds coarsely that, in his opinion, Mr. So-and-so—a fellow-member present, opposite—is a tradesman proper; and Mr. So-and-so, the fellow-member, present there, spectator, auditor, answers humbly, Very well, then, he will pay the higher fee for his own little children faithfully. But all school-board work is not of this curious and cantankerous kind. At one, the members call the visitors who are to get the children together, persuaders; and they engage a man that he may persuade the little people to go inside the doors, instead of forcing them. At a second, the members placarded the district with the provisions of the Education Act, and discussed whether any further attempt should be made to enlighten parents. At a third, there is a lament recorded, that, within fifty yards, there are as many children lounging about the gutters, as there are within the schools. At others, the members have to consider whether the proprietors of some neighbouring mines are injuring their property by boring under it; whether parents are right in keeping their eldest children at home to carry dinners

and mind the babies; whether they shall let their playgrounds be open to the children at all hours, on all the days; whether they shall have a School-board ship to train up little School-board seamen; whether the children could not be coaxed into becoming cleaner, since the wretched condition of the heads of some of them is something frightful, their hair betokening symptoms of being very rarely combed; whether a blast-furnace about to be erected is too near their premises; whether it is allowable to collect two school-rates, the first to be expended in squabbling, the second to pay for a useless map of the parish. Says the chairman of one of these boards, a cheque must be signed for twenty-five pounds, the clerk's salary, already four months overdue; will three members sign it? But three members won't; without which the order would not be valid. One member says he never has signed a cheque, and never intends to; another member says he declines to sign any money-orders under existing circumstances; and the clerk remains salary-less, with the intimation that the board will have to be sued in the county court. Says the chairman of another of these boards: "The girls and infants in winter each bring a hat, a scarf, a shawl, a jacket, and, in many cases, an umbrella, and these will be thrown on the floor in a heap." A third chairman cries out rudely to the clerk, who suggests taking counsel's opinion: "Ah, you want it taken at other people's expense!" The point to be settled is, whether school-board members can no longer be school-board members, if their children receive salaries as teachers or monitors in board schools; and this would touch, deep home, in many thinly-populated country places. A fourth chairman, when asked who has charge of the money left by legacy to the parish for education, answers: "The rector and the churchwardens;" when asked again what the rector and the churchwardens do with the money, answers: "I don't know, I'm sure;" and suggests that the Charity Commissioners should be forthwith applied to for information. And when all these points have been gathered up together, it will be remarked that they traverse a wide space of ground; that they touch home interests, and parish interests, and personal interests; reach social economy, political economy, law, architecture, sanitary matters; reach, above all, the cultivation of parliamentary discipline and temper, of a judicial manner,

in the members of the boards themselves. And when it is remembered that these boards, in far-away rural places, must be composed of men who have not hitherto had much experience in self-command, it will be understood how significant is this movement on the question of the day, and how it extends, not only to the little untaught children first thought about, but to the teachers of these little children, and to the boards above the teachers, and to all concerned.

For the whole of this operates to an extent that could not have been calculated upon when there was first entrance into it. It is at once doubled, trebled, quadrupled, by the publicity given to it by, for one fact, the mere existence and circulation of the School Board journals now being observed. They report everything, they hear all discussions, they read all letters, they study all plans, they listen to all suggestions and cries. Is it argued that a good stimulus to cleanliness would be to select the most cleanly children to go with messages, since children like going messages, and would appreciate the selection; the journals print the argument, and all readers of them can adopt the idea or discard it as they think well. Does a woman harbour an escaped industrial scholar, and have four pounds to pay for the harbouring, or imprisonment in default; the journals report the case, and all schoolmasters and schoolmistresses may know the law, and give the warning from it. Does the school inspector of a (Welsh) district complain of the bad attendance of children, because there were no fewer than fourteen Sunday-school treats and excursions in one neighbourhood, all given on different days, not to mention various club processions preceded by powerful brass bands; it is all set down, and parochial magnates may see the disadvantage of such a state of things, and may counsel its discontinuance. Is a poor little girl killed by falling from a swing; record is made of it, and managers may see to their swings, and issue more stringent regulations. Are private adventure schools found some of them to be in small back kitchens or dark close rooms, with many of the teachers infirm and aged women, themselves imperfectly educated; it is put down, for everyone to be aware of it, and for the proper conclusions to be drawn. Is there a rumour that Irish tenants have been deprived of their privilege of turbary (or free turf-cutting for fuel) because their

children attended a particular school; it does not escape, but has a paragraph, that all persons have the benefit of the information. And it is the same about the insisting of education to children kept floating from town to town in canal-boats; about a handsome walnut writing-desk presented to Miss Jones, a work-basket to Miss Brown, a pair of vases to Miss Robinson, a marble timepiece to Mr. and Mrs. Blank, a purse of forty guineas to Mr. Dash—all as expressions of respect for work well understood and conscientiously carried out; about the bad policy of forcing parents to apply for the remission of their school fees to the guardians of the poor, one mother, as an example, having been heard to say: "Well, my husband is out of work, and I may as well ask for some relief at the same time;" about the propriety of inviting four or more ladies to join the Education Committee in Scotland, and the issuing of the invitation, and its acceptance, by five, immediately. There are paragraphs, also, saying that out of seven children who came to school on one occasion without boots or shoes, six returned booted when they had been sent home for the purpose; saying that elementary teachers ought to have the pension question settled, since out of the teachers known to one speaker, three or four were paralysed, three were objects of the cold charity of the world, one or two were recipients of the dole of the relieving-officer, others were existing they knew not how, and some had left teaching, not seeing much prospect in it. And there are paragraphs containing statistics of board schools, saying that out of five-and-a-half millions of children computed to be alive in Great Britain, four millions ought to attend elementary schools, that two-and-a-quarter millions did attend on a given day, the cost being two pounds one shilling and fourpence halfpenny for each child at the year's end; whilst the cost of Nonconformist children is one pound thirteen shillings and eightpence three farthings; of Church children a penny three farthings lower; and of Roman Catholic children two shillings and sixpence halfpenny lower still. It is, perhaps, quite to be expected, after all this wide-reaching matter—and it could reach out to double the distance if space allowed—that there is the popular query column in most of the teachers' newspapers. There is; and there has even been established—perfectly free from objection as it is in such a con-

nection—that other greater novelty, the column of exchange. When pupil-teachers, masculine and feminine, have sat, and have finished with the books that enabled them to do their sitting, it is quite allowable that they should be willing to part with these books, to try and get something more interesting or more useful in their place; and as for the apparently appetising game of queries, if pupil-teachers and others like to ask: Would someone kindly explain the nature and origin of those yellow-coloured spots which are found in almost all slates? Will some reader inform me what were the seven wonders of the world? How many equilateral triangles can be described on a given finite straight line? What is the Latin for The woman loves? and so on; it can only be said at the farthest that, if there be any amusement in it, the pupil-teachers and others are quite welcome to the amusement.

It must be said, in conclusion, or there would not be justice done to school-board journalism, that the aim of their journalism goes much farther in one direction than it has hitherto been indicated. To teach teachers how to teach is as much the reason for their existence, as to tell teachers who have been taught what has been said and done in reference to their teaching. To this end—as one means, the others must now be passed over—the examination-papers submitted to pupil-teachers at their sittings are published in detail, and some of the absolute answers, written by them, are given. This accustoms the young people to what they are to expect, and—as they would be constantly examining themselves by trying these papers over, and are constantly encouraged to be examining themselves by these very queries to which there has been allusion—it is the best preparation possible. The range of these examination-papers will surprise: “Suppose that a reduction of fifteen per cent. in a man’s wages causes him to lose one shilling and sixpence weekly, what were his weekly wages before the reduction?” is a question in arithmetic. “Where are Colombo, Point de Galle, Krishna, Lahore, Orange River, and the Great Karroo?” is a question in geography. “Which of our sovereigns has been called the English Justinian, and for what reasons?” is a question in history. As a test of knowledge in physical geography, there is: “Write out the source of the Thames, and the same of the Severn and the Humber, its length, its tribu-

taries on right and left bank—a sketch-map should be drawn; its area, character, and boundaries of its river-basin; the counties between which it flows, with chief towns on or very near it or its tributaries; and the chief particulars relating to its navigation.” Tests are applied also in respect of grammar, Euclid, algebra, music, mensuration, composition, of the same searching character. And when it is remembered that the young people expected to pass on these subjects come, speaking broadly and generally, from those masses of British society into which, until the last score of years or so, no over large quantity of education and science had ever penetrated, it opens a large field of hope and speculation. The mental plough is cutting into these masses now for the first time. Out of them, as furrow rises by the side of furrow, good inner grit and vigour may get flung up plentifully. At the least it is undoubted that the lower classes—by some unknown law of Nature, or by some freak in which it is Nature’s good pleasure to indulge—have ever and anon produced the most ardent geniuses; have ever and anon shown there is a potency in them, and a force and an efficacy that is always extricating them from the furnace of struggle and difficulty, with facilities still buoyant and unimpaired. And so school-board journalism shall be left here, with the hope that the outcome of it may be, to those most concerned, good, honest work, and an abundant harvest of satisfactory results.

MY FRIEND MALLAM.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER II.

HUGH and I walked to the corner of Broad Street in silence. I was determined he should speak first, and presently he did, turning on me with sufficient abruptness and asking:

“Why did you not tell me Miss Langton was staying with the Priors, Gurney?”

“I did tell you, my dear fellow. Don’t you remember?”

“You said ‘a cousin.’ You never mentioned her name.”

“Didn’t I? Perhaps I knew young ladies’ names were not of much interest to a woman-hater like you. But I am very fond of Cecil Langton. She’s one of the nicest girls I ever came across; and, to judge by the Priors’ affection for her, one of the best. Poor thing! it seems strange that such a beautiful creature

should have no nearer relatives to cling to."

"She is beautiful, more beautiful than ever," Mallam said abruptly; and then after a pause, "I wonder that she has not married long ago."

"Not for want of asking," I answered a little sharply.

"No," he said; and then after a minute or two, during which we had turned into my parlour, "I suppose you saw that we—that I had met her before?"

"I daresay. She was here for Commemoration in '71; and before that again for—what's the matter, Hugh?" for he had winced, and his face grown as pale as a man stabbed by some sudden pain.

"Nothing," he said slowly, "except that there is no folly like an old folly; and no fool like a man who piques himself on his wisdom. I told you once, when you were urging me to marry, that my life had been spoilt by a woman years ago. Well, I met her again this evening for the first time since the event. She is Cecil Langton."

"And Cecil Langton was engaged to you, and jilted you? So I guessed; and yet I wonder at it, too. It doesn't seem like her."

"No, she was not engaged to me. I never asked her. I found out in time."

"Found what out?"

"That she was not the angel I thought her, that's all. And yet," he added, with another short, bitter laugh, "I daresay she's not different to the rest of her sex; and if she had married me, and I had never known, I might have lived in a fool's paradise till now. By heaven, when I look at her, I wish I had never known! Don't think it was anything dreadful, however, only that I had made an ideal goddess of her; and I discovered one day that she was just a woman, as false and fickle, and far gone in flirtations as the rest."

"I never thought her anything but a woman," I answered, "and on the whole, I prefer women to goddesses. However, if she played with you, old man, she's been heavily punished since; so you've had your revenge."

"Punished! How do you mean?" and he turned on me with a fierceness which showed that any idea of pain to her was no pleasure to him.

"Only, that she was jilted herself by a man she cared for," I said quietly, "a man who made furious love to her, and then—left her. They say she's never been the same since. That sort of thing gets talked

about, you know, and the talking about it is almost worse than the pain and cruelty itself, to a delicate-minded woman. I shouldn't have mentioned it to you, but for what you said. Prior told me. That's why she's never married."

"That!" repeated Mallam. "When did this happen?"

"Oh, some years ago. By-the-way, Prior told me it was here, in Oxford, so her reminiscences of this place can't be altogether pleasant."

"In Oxford?" he repeated again. "Could that blackguard have done it? But she was writing to him afterwards; and she was light-hearted enough then. Gurney, do tell me one thing. It's not idle curiosity—was the man's name Lucas?"

"Don't know," I said quietly. "Prior never heard it; but Lucas—you don't mean that. You're thinking of some other name, aren't you? Lucas is her brother, you know."

"Her brother!" cried Mallam. It was more like a hoarse cry than intelligible speech. He turned on me suddenly as he uttered it, grasping my shoulder. "What do you mean? How could her brother's name be Lucas, when hers is Langton?"

"Easily enough; so let me go, will you, and sit down. Her father married a widow of the name of Lucas, with a small son by her first husband. Simplest thing possible, and—hallo! Hugh, old fellow, what's the matter?"

He had let go of me, and turned away to a distant window. I could see that his face was hidden in his hands. By-and-by, when he had got over it a little, and we were sitting by the fire, he said to me:

"Gurney, I want to tell you a story. I've been the most confounded fool and villain, without knowing it; and have injured another, even more than myself. The sooner I get away from here the better; but I'd like you to hear about it first. It is six years since I parted from Cecil Langton. I had only known her a fortnight, but I loved her with my whole heart from the first day we met. She was like a new revelation to me, and I believed in her. I daresay you'll call me an ass. I know I'm different to most men. I don't believe the generality care what a woman is in herself, so they are in love with her, and she with them. Passion covers everything with a beautiful face to back it; but, unluckily, it wasn't so with me. I suppose I'm insanely jealous by

nature; and I had a 'fad' about never marrying a woman with a 'story,' a woman who had had lovers or romances before. I wanted my wife to be all my own, with no memories even to come between her heart and mine. I think if I could have chosen, I would have had her locked up in a glass-case till the moment I saw her. There, laugh if you like! It was an idiotic craze, and I own it; but the worst of it was, that, not content with having this ideal in my mind, I applied it to Cecil, and I believed she came up to it. One thing I know, that though everyone was going wild about her beauty, it didn't seem to make any impression on her. She never showed a grain of favour to any of her numerous admirers; and one of her greatest charms to me was the sort of glad, free, heart-wholeness which she carried about with her. Even I, who loved her so well, couldn't tell if she knew it, or cared for me. Sometimes I thought she did—a little; but I think great love makes one humble; and oftener I feared I was mistaken. I have never known how it was in reality.

"The day before I was going to ask her the question, we were in the public drawing-room at the Rashleigh Hotel. She and her friends were staying there; and we had all come in together from the Bodleian. We were talking of a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, there—you know it—and she said something about not sympathising much with the sorrows of a woman of many loves. It was like my ideal of her, and I said so, observing:

"I don't think you would change easily if you cared for anyone.' And she answered:

"No, once ought to be enough for any real woman. Not,' she added quickly, 'that I can speak from experience.'

"Of changing?' I said, 'or caring?'

"I was looking into her eyes, and I was glad to see them soften and a lovely blush come into her face; yet she tried to keep her careless look and answered:

"People cannot change if they have never cared.'

"But they might care!' I said. Her friends were leaving the room to put their things away. I saw she wanted to follow them, and I had only time to add, 'May I come again to-morrow? I want to ask you—'

"She was gone before I said what; but though she hurried upstairs, there was no denial in her eyes, and she had not snatched

her hand from me. I think I should have held her by it and asked my question then; but a waiter passed the door at the moment and glanced in at us, and I let her go lest I might expose her to some remark. I was careful enough of her name. If only others had been as much so!

"There was an unused door at one side of the room. A table covered with books stood against it, and I was leaning over it, trying to find something in Bradshaw, when I heard talking going on on the other side of the door. I suppose there was a pantry there, for they were waiters' voices, so I paid no attention till I heard a name, and it flashed on me they were speaking of Cecil.

"Ah, well, she's a beautiful gurl, is a Hundred-and-seven,' said one. 'We don't often get a stunner.' And then there came a grunt in answer.

"Ay, an' carryin' on as them stunning ones generally does. It's one o' the young college gents now, I see; but she was 'ere two years ago with her pa, an' then it were an officer. Ah, I remembers them! He were a Cap'en Lucas. Same name as my wife afore I married her.'

"Gurney, I can't repeat the words as I heard them. The gist of them was this, that while staying at the hotel she had telegraphed for this Captain Lucas to join her, and then affected great surprise when he walked up to her and her father in the coffee-room; that their mutual affection and whispered confidences were patent, even to the waiters, as was also the old gentleman's dislike to him; that the two men quarrelled violently on the second evening; and that, on the following day, this servant met her creeping downstairs in the early morning, before anyone was up, to bid Captain Lucas good-bye; and looking into the coffee-room, a minute or two later, saw him holding her in his arms and kissing her. I did not wait to hear any more. I should never have stood there so long only I seemed struck stupid. The moment I woke up to a sense of what I was hearing I hurried away. Gurney, I do believe I went half mad. I can remember pacing up and down my room all night; and next day I kept out of everyone's sight, and wandered about in a fever of misery and irresolution. Sometimes I felt as if I would rather never see her again; sometimes that I must speak to her and tell her what I had heard, if only that she might deny it. If she had ordered me

out of her sight at the same time, I shouldn't have minded. To have known that it was a lie, that it was not she who had met this confounded Captain Lucas, would have been worth more than my own life to me just then. And yet, how even to speak to her on the subject, I couldn't tell. At last I could bear it no longer, and went back to the hotel. A waiter told me that she was in; and as she and her friends had a private sitting-room I ran up to it, hoping I might find her, and alone. She was not there, however, the room was empty; but her little desk stood open on the table, and near it a letter addressed, in her large, bold hand, which I once told her laughingly I could read a mile off, to Captain Lucas, Royal Artillery Barracks, somewhere. I did not wait for a second glance, but turned and went out from the room and the hotel. I had learnt all I wanted to know. I never saw or spoke to her again. She left Oxford a day or two afterwards; and when the other fellows used to chaff me about her next term, most of them assuming that I had proposed to the beautiful Miss Langton and been refused, and some making rather merry at my expense, I never denied it. I would guard her name if I could, though she might peril it; and besides, I could not have spoken of her. My one hope was to forget her existence, and that was a vain one. Heaven only knows how she has haunted my memory, and now—now!"

"You find out that you were utterly unjust to her, that the Captain Lucas was her stepbrother, and that she sent for him to the Rashleigh in the hope of effecting a reconciliation between him and her father, who had not met him since her mother's death! Well, Hugh, you've certainly made a sad blunder of it; and it isn't your fault if you haven't broken outright as true a heart as ever beat. What are you going to do at present?"

"Go away," he said hoarsely; "that I mayn't insult her by a second sight of me. No wonder she looked at me with such aversion to-day. And to think she might once have cared for me! Well, well, I am punished enough."

And upon my word when I saw him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands, and his face as drawn and baggard as if years of pain had swept over it since the morning, I almost felt the same, and began to soften in the anger I had felt at his first condemnation of Cecil. He, how-

ever, would listen to no excuse for his conduct, and laughed to scorn my suggestion that she might yet forgive him.

"Would you have me insult her worse?" he asked me bitterly. "No, no, tell her some day, if you like, that I left her because I was utterly unworthy of her, but that I loved her with my whole heart, and was never faithless to her even for a day. Tell her that if you will, and then never mention me again. She will not care that you should." And it was altogether against his will that I insisted on giving his message in my own way, and before he left Oxford. In my heart I believed that Cecil still cared for him, and would never suffer him to go; but he checked me sternly when I even tried to hint at such an idea, and I left him packing his portmanteau when I started.

Mrs. Prior received me less cordially than usual. She looked worried and fretful, and told me she could not have seen any stranger.

"So I am glad you did not bring your friend with you," she said. "Is he a great friend? for to tell the truth I did not take a fancy to him. He has the same name as a person who—whom I would not receive on any account; and—and I did not care for his manner. Is he going to stay long with you?"

Cecil got up and laid her hand on the invalid's shoulder. Her beautiful face was looking very white this morning, but as calm as wax.

"Cousin Emily is not well," she said gently. "You are not to mind her, Mr. Gurney. It is a way of hers to take unreasonable likes and dislikes; and we have not been seeing many strangers of late. She would like your friend very well on one of her good days. Come out into the garden and look at my Japanese anemones." And I rose and went out with her gladly; but when we got to the flowers I turned my back on them and said:

"Thank you for taking Mallam's part, Miss Langton. He is a man I love dearly, and all the more that he has had a great trouble in his life—perhaps the greatest any man can have. It is very heavy on him now." Her face turned paler yet, her hands clasped each other in a tight hold, but she did not speak. I went on quite quietly. "He was unfortunate enough once to love a woman very dearly, and wrong her cruelly. It's quite a proper story, so you needn't mind my mentioning it. Lately, only last night, he found out his error, and it has

overwhelmed him. He saw the lady again and——"

"Thought her rather pretty perhaps," Cecil interrupted scornfully, "and even that he might have done worse than have been faithful to her. Is that your friend's trouble, Mr. Gurney? I compassionate him; though I don't see a remedy for it."

"No," I said coolly, "for as it happens he never was faithless to her; only to his belief in her. And great as that fault was, Miss Langton, I have told him that if she ever cared for him she would forgive him, even though it were greater yet. He will not hear me; and declares that the very sight of him must be an offence to her. I wish you would let me tell you the story. A woman's opinion is sometimes worth having on these matters, and I should like to hear yours." And then I told it her all, without any glossing over or extenuating; she standing before me with the white anemones waving in the breeze about her feet, and the morning sunshine on her fair head, and the changing colour in her face. It was a very changing colour during my tale, shifting from hot crimson to pale more than once; but before the end the crimson had faded into a settled pallor, and when I was silent she lifted two very bright, prond eyes to mine, and said quite calmly and coldly:

"I think your friend is right, Mr. Gurney. He has insulted the lady—grossly; and his presence must be an offence to her. As to his love," and there was a small, hard quiver of a smile about her mouth, "no man who loved a woman would be coward enough to desert her on so unworthy a suspicion. She is better without such love as his; and you may be sure she has long ago put away any she might ever have had for him."

"You really think so?" I asked, looking at her.

"I am sure of it," she said firmly, and there was so little sign of weakness in her face that I saw further words were useless, and went back to Mallam with a heavy heart. Poor fellow; he never asked me a question; but the look with which he met me, and the beaten-down expression which came over his face when I told him the result of my visit, showed me there had been more hope in his heart than he had owned. He left Oxford half an hour later, and his last words to me were:

"God bless you, dear old fellow. Try and be any service to her that you can,

and—and let me know if she marries. I hope she will! and a better man than I."

It was nine months before I heard from him again. All that time he had not written to me, and now his letter was to say that he had accepted an appointment in India. He was weary of this country, and—and, in fact, he found he could not live down the memory of his folly while he remained in it. Would I come up to London to bid him good-bye, or should he run down to me?

I couldn't go up to London. Though it was the long vacation again, I was detained in Oxford by business which required my constant presence; so I asked him to come down to me for a couple of days, adding that he need not be afraid of meeting Cecil, as she was away. To tell the truth, I was not sorry she was, for I was a little vexed with her. She had looked very pale and ill for a few days after Mallam's departure last autumn, but after that she brightened up, got quite rosy, and went about with a younger and happier air than I had ever noticed in her. I thought her rather hard-hearted and unfeeling, but I couldn't help liking her all the same. It is not easy to dislike a beautiful woman who is persistently kind and gracious to you, and meets even your surliness—and I was rather sally to her for a little while—with extra sweetness and gentleness. One would almost have thought that she liked me the better for being angry with her.

It was very pleasant seeing Mallam again, though I thought him looking ill and aged, and I did not like the idea of his going off to India. You see I loved the fellow, and it seemed like losing him for good. Besides, though he talked lightly enough of it himself, it was with the lightness of a man who, having lost everything, has nothing more to risk.

We were out walking on the following day, strolling about arm-in-arm for a last look, as Hugh said, at the dear old place, when we met Prior. He and his wife were just going off for a little tour on the Continent, and nothing would satisfy him but that we should walk round to Worcester with him and see her. Indeed, he was so cordial and pleasant to Mallam—having heard of his approaching exile—that it would have been churlish to refuse; and Hugh himself made no difficulty. I had told him Cecil was away, and perhaps he thought he would like to look again at his old college and the room where he had last seen her.

It was too late to draw back when, just as we were going up to the house, Prior said:

"Ah, there's Cecil at the window. I forgot to tell you, Gurney; she came back this morning. She's looking very seedy, too, poor girl—very; but she'll be glad to see you. Gurney is prime favourite with my womankind, you must know, Mr. Mallam."

Hugh made no answer, did not even seem to hear, and we went in. Mrs. Prior was on the sofa, but there was no sign of Cecil at the window or elsewhere. If she had been there, she must have seen us and made good her escape. Tom began to ask for her, of course, with masculine stupidity; but his wife snubbed him at once, with a decision which even he could not fail to understand. Mallam did, too. I could see it by the extra shadow on his handsome face; and I wasn't surprised when, after a few minutes, he got up and said, "Good-bye," adding that he wouldn't take me away, for he had a call to make on another old friend. I saw that he would rather be alone, and so I let him go.

He went out across the old college quad, and was just passing out through the entrance-porch, when he saw that the chapel was open, and something made him turn back and go into it. If any Worcester man reads this, he won't wonder perhaps. There are not many more beautiful chapels in England than this dimly-lit edifice of ours, with its floor of mosaic, its richly-stained windows, and gorgeous blending of gold and colour on walls and roof. There is one window particularly lovely, representing the three Marys at the tomb. An angel, with radiant wings of purple and ruby, is sending them away with the words, "He is not here; He is arisen"—and Magdalen, in her white gown and with a flood of yellow hair rolling down her back, leans in the sickness of disappointment on one of her companions. The sun was shining through this window in a broad rainbow-coloured stream, and smote upon the dark oaken carving of the opposite stalls with a gold and crimson lustre; smote, too, upon the brow of a woman standing by the lectern—a tall, fair-haired woman, in a white gown, too, and with a sadder look in her eyes than any pictured Magdalen. The amber glory fell upon her head and on the pearl-like outline of her cheek. All the rest of her was in shadow—a dim, white figure, with a bunch of yellow roses in her hand, against a dim background of gilding and colour

and costly marbles, mellowed into harmony by the obscurity. Then, all of a sudden, she moved, turned her head round, and saw Mallam standing looking at her.

He had been there five minutes at least, so he had had time to get over his surprise, yet his face was as pale as marble. She had not a moment to collect herself; and hers was just as usual, calm and grave—even the sadness in her eyes exchanged for their old look of resolute, defiant pride; but Hugh had a purpose in his mind and was not to be baffled by that.

"Miss Langton," he said, coming up to her, "I did not mean to intrude on you; but since I have done so by accident, will you let me speak to you? I am leaving England this month, and I will not keep you five minutes at most."

Cecil looked at him. Perhaps, the kind of repressed desperation in his voice showed her he would have his say, whether she said yea or nay. Anyhow, she just bowed her head in cold acquiescence, and stood still, one hand resting on the silver lectern, the other grasping her roses. He came a little nearer, and said very quietly:

"I am going to India, because I cannot forget you here. I don't know if I shall ever return, and I don't care; but before I go, I want to ask you one favour. I want you to forgive me, Miss Langton."

He could not see her face, she had turned it a little from him; but he saw her start, and one yellow rose fall with a little rustle on the marble pavement, snapped off in the unconscious clenching of her fingers. He went on quickly:

"Please do not mistake me. I only mean what I say. I wronged you shamefully and unjustly seven years ago; and I make no excuses for it. You were right to listen to none for me; right in every word you said. No man who ever really loved you, could have done as I did. I thought I loved you, but I was wrong in that too; and I deserve your scorn for my mistake. All the same, I ask you to forgive me to-day—and I don't think you will refuse me—not because I love you now, little as I may have done so before, but because you are a good, generous-hearted woman, and I do not believe you would refuse your pardon to anyone, even your worst enemy, if he were dying, and asked it of you as I do now. When I leave here, I shall be dead—to you. Will you give it me before I go?"

He was standing by her side trying to

read an answer in her downcast face; but she did not turn or speak, and after a minute he said, with a little quiver in his strong voice:

"Am I wrong to expect it? If I am, I won't plague you any more; but—you will shake hands with me, at least, won't you, Cecil?"

He put out his hand and touched hers. For a moment, still she did not move. Then—she lifted her head so suddenly, that the soft golden hair brushed his cheek. Their faces were quite close together, and her eyes were full of tears—tears which rolled down her cheek as she put up her lips to his, and said his name. Only that! but before it was uttered, he had put his arms round her, and was holding her to him, his face pressed upon hers. I don't think the forgiveness was ever spoken after all—neither was it needed—but before they left the chapel, she said to him:

"If you must go, you will take me with you. I have loved you so long, I cannot lose you now. Promise me, Hugh." And he answered:

"I will never leave you again as long as I live. Heaven bless you, my love."

They were married three weeks later; and I was best man, and went down to Southampton to see them sail; but how it had all come about, even I did not know till long afterwards. All the same, Hugh never writes to me but he says: "I am the happiest man in the world; and I owe it all to you."

And, upon my word, I fancy he is right!

STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANCOILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER III. CHI LO SA?

THE dream had indeed died out of Celia's life before it was born. It had been as if the most timid of all blossoms had dared to put its head above ground just a day before the winter came back again, in seven-fold force, to the world, after saying a farewell as delusive as a prima donna's. She knew that before the work, now changed back from a madman's vision into a stronger reality than ever, all else must shrivel up and be swept away. Celia's feelings can only be told for her, for she never had the chance to tell them to a father who was deaf, or to a

lover whom she never met but by fits and starts, and who, when she did meet him, talked instead of listening. We all know what the work had meant to her—what inexorable destiny means to life; a scythed car of the fates, bound to crash or cut down all that might come in its way. The cathedral had shadowed her earlier life, but the work had overshadowed and dwarfed even the cathedral. She did not even complain. It is usual for people to go through life without complaining of death, even though they know that death must come. Nor, as we have been told by him whose works the Reverend Reginald Gaveston introduced to Deepweald, did another fair woman complain of being sacrificed that her father might win a divine victory:

Moreover it is written that my race
Hewed Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth,

she sang, with glowing face, before she passed afar.

Something of her father's exaltation before the shadow of victory had infected Celia, even in the death-hour of her dream. It was no child of John March who could for an instant consciously question his right to demand all sacrifices for the artistic Juggernaut whose car he drove. He and she had been devoted by birth to the idol's service; that was her faith beyond even a thought of questioning. Mrs. Swann would as soon have thought of questioning whether to keep house respectably is the whole duty of woman. Had the question come before her, she might have answered No; but the No would have had no real meaning for her, and the question could never come. No; others might be born to buy, sell, eat, drink, and marry; but John March had been born to compose Cleopatra, and Celia to sing the part of the soprano. It was her creed, held, not with the loose hold of reason, but with the absolute grasp of the faith of some Spanish nun, who never hears of a doubt, and much less feels one. So far as she thought at all, girls like Bessie Gaveston had mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends—she had never known such things. She was of the score, not of the world.

But—Walter?

There was no help for it; not even for him—not even from him. An Indian woman might not even say "Thank you" to the misguided man who tried to save her from flames. Like the rest, he must

submit to be crushed and trampled over by the inevitable score. After all, she sighed—it was to be for the last time—it would not matter so much to him. He would still be in the world, and the world would still be round. Only she must try to keep on the opposite side. She did begin to wonder a little why the earth held so much happiness for others, and not a solitary grain out of all its profusion for her; but the answer was at hand—the score. People who were made to be happy had no score; people who had the score were not made to be happy. Perhaps the score was a higher end for human life, perhaps not; but in any case it was—the score; its existence was its reason. It was the horizon of her philosophy.

Why did he care so much for her? But why did he care about her at all? Why had he chosen her for his friend at Lindenheim, when there was Ilma, and Lotte, and fifty more, of whom not one was shy! But then that was an old question. The only possible answer to it was still almost too sweet even for a dying dream, and she sighed very deeply—it was to be really for the last time. If he cared for her so much—and whatever he said must be true—she could not help being a little sorry for him, for gratitude alone required that she should give all he asked for to one who had done, in truth, nothing for her, but a nothing so brilliant that it looked to her better than all the somethings under the sky. But she was not taking from him all possibilities of giving life a human heart as well as a—score. Everything, every waif of thought or fancy, blew back to that inexorable, all-containing word. If acquiescence without knowledge be a merit, Celia March was a heroine; and so is the Suttee who will not be saved.

But she felt very unlike a heroine when, her father having gone out to compare coming triumph with present surroundings, and to walk off his exaltation round that neighbouring Abbey which has a right to sympathise with ambition, she picked out her father's very worst quill stump, which might be worth five guineas as a relic some day, found a sheet of straw paper, and felt very much as when she first tried to write her first letter home. Only there was no good-humoured Lotte to help her. She was alone with the score—torn, but triumphant in its tatters.

"Dear Herr Friend." "Dear Herr Walter," she began. "Dear Friend" ran

into its place; but, as she had but one possible sheet of paper, which prevented drafts and corrections, she was obliged to leave the compromise alone. And now how was she to go on? And yet go on she must, unless she intended to see Walter again on the morrow, and that must not be. "The score is to be brought out. It feels like a dream. It is a great thing for my father. You know how he has lived for it. It seems so strange. I am proud about it; I suppose I am glad; but one thing must be. I must make up my mind never to see you again. I never ought to have seen you after I first met you in Deepweald. It is not my fault, indeed, if you are sorry. I don't know what is going to be done, but I must do my part, whatever happens. I wish I could tell you all that I want to say, but I never have any words. If you think I am ungrateful to you for your goodness, it will make me more unhappy than you would like anybody to be. I don't want you to forget what you said to me to-day. Please let me know that there is somebody who cares for me a little. It will make things better. I shall never forget anything, and shall always know that I have the best friend, though I shall never see him. Please do not come here again. How can I say it to make you know that I mean what I say?" She wrote that sentence fast enough—for she meant it with all her strength, and Walter was just the man to be brought rather than kept away by such a letter. "I have no paper left. Please don't come here if you care for me at all. Good-bye, dear friend." There was no doubt about what to call him this time. "And thank you for everything. Thank you more than I can say."

CELIA MARCH.

This cold apology for a letter Walter Gordon had carried with him to Rome, and then back again from Rome to London. And if ever lover was puzzled by a letter, it was he. There was no use in trying to read between the lines, however much he tried. There was no space between them for secret writing, either literally or by metaphor. How could he, or any commonplace mortal, imagine or conceive that a girl, otherwise as sane as her fellows, would dismiss a lover, just as a matter of course, for ever, because her father was going to bring out an opera?

A lover leaps but to one conclusion in such cases. If she had cared for him enough to give him a hope—that is to say,

if she did not hate him, she would have kept her no for a second meeting, and not have forbidden a second meeting in words which, as he read them, were, not too strong, but too cold, to misunderstand. Good-bye was too frozen to mean anything more or less than good-bye. And her life felt cold enough indeed when she wrote it—but that he could not know. A better letter-writer could perhaps have made him feel that the frost of life was for her, and not for him.

But why should she hate him? What had he done? Nothing, he thought, with an immediate shame at feeling that "nothing" expressed only too accurately all that he had done. It seemed to him like bitter sarcasm that she should make gratitude the one tangible point of her letter—and, if it had been just, gratitude is the ne plus ultra of insult to a lover. Was it really sarcasm—or did it only seem so because the cap fitted? Certainly, to suspect Celia of sarcasm was as wild as to imagine her making a pun, or of indulging in any other form of what is called humour. No; the gratitude must be as genuine as the dismissal. So she could not hate him; and there must therefore be some other reason for her letter.

Suddenly it flashed upon him—her father was a madman, and she knew it; and that accounted for all.

It accounted for his strange and solitary life in Deepweald, for Celia's morbid shyness and seclusion, for the impenetrable secrecy that surrounded him, for the strangeness of his behaviour, for his keeping his daughter from every chance of love and marriage. The score might be the cause or the result of his lunacy. Probably the cause; but, in the result, the likeliest thing in the world was, that a mad musician, with the glory of Comus and of Andrew Gordon filling the atmosphere about him, should invent one illusion the more—that he himself was the man of whom all were speaking, and that his mad work, beyond the reach of mortal voice to sing, was the chef-d'œuvre of a dead man instead of the craze of a living one. Walter had imagination enough to picture the lunatic, under some flow of midnight madness, signing his work "Andrew Gordon," and proclaiming to himself, "I am he"—to forget it in some lucid interval, or to deny his dream by daylight with a madman's cunning, only to revel in it the more when alone with the moon. He had read of such things,

in fiction, a hundred times. He had heard of the true story of the madman who only differed from so-called sane people in being saner than they until the conversation turned upon Waterloo; and then people, who had the mere commonplace delusion of thinking themselves wiser and better than their neighbours, found it a myth that Napoleon Bonaparte had died at St. Helena. Sane impostors have come to believe themselves honestly to be what they at first only pretended to be, or wished to be. And surely that a madman, and a musician—the alliteration counts for something—who heard his professional atmosphere filled with Andrew Gordon, Andrew Gordon, Andrew Gordon, should come to confuse his own identity, was the simplest thing in the world—and, to Walter Gordon, the most terrible.

But there was another question still.

Supposing that it was not John March who madly called himself Andrew Gordon, but Andrew Gordon who called himself John March? Granting madness, that too would account for all. None but a madman would have run away from the triumph of Comus, and have buried himself, under a feigned name, from fortune, fame, family, and friends. Had that sudden glory of a first work turned his brain, and exiled him under the consciousness of an awful doom? Did the difference between him and all the cotton-spinning Gordons consist, not in genius, but in madness, its twin-sister? In that case, concealment of his identity might have become his craze, and his true self only to be indulged in when there were no eyes to see; and his craze, by a law of lunacy—for anarchy has its laws—would inevitably be strongest when brought in contact with those of his own name and kin. Yes; Celia was in the power of a madman, and his blood was in her own veins. And John March knew it, and Celia knew it too.

Only one thing was left for him or for any man to do. Whatever might be the truth, whatever might happen, he must be master of the situation, and not allow himself to be tangled, like a blundering fly, in a web spun by a mad spider. It was strange enough that a professed lotus-eater should find his whole life thrown into chaos by webs of other men's spinning, and feel his whole fate depend upon the questions, whether a madman was or was not his uncle, and whether a girl loved him. But even to professed lotus-eaters such

complications do happen sometimes. And, when they do, the lotus-eater is apt to suffer more than common men, who are content to live among common things, and to take their share of daily burdens.

First of all he wrote two letters.

"Dearest Celia," began the first. "I only know one thing on earth—that I meant all I said to you yesterday, and far more, with all my heart and soul. Beyond that I know nothing, except that I deserve nothing. Of course I will not call to-morrow if it pains you; and I do know you well enough, I think, to know that what you say you mean. To-night I start for Italy. You will understand why I must not give myself a thought, before I know whether my uncle, Andrew Gordon, is dead or alive. If he lives, I hope I need not tell you that he has claims upon our family which, whether he urges them or no, my father would be the last man to disregard. If he is dead, you may trust me in all things; if I have as yet been of no service to you or yours, you may be sure that no harm shall come to you or yours through me. That, you will surely not, for one moment, imagine. Nor is there anything on earth, whatever it may be, except your will, which I will allow to prevent my having what means all life and all happiness to me. Read over the last sentence three times, and think of all that it can mean. By 'nothing on earth' I mean to leave out nothing; no misfortune, any more than I should omit crime or sin. I love you with all my heart and soul. Nothing can alter that; and I wish to have you for my wife more than I wish for all other things. It is all I wish for. Don't think that I have overlooked anything that could stand in the way. Only it is due to you, to your father, to mine, to all whom it may in any way concern, that there should be no mystery—that the truth may be known as soon as it can be found. I will not see you till either it is found, or till discovery is proved impossible. Then I will see you; and you will find me unchanged. Think, dearest Celia, of all that I have written, and either answer me as I would have you, or give me a better reason than the world contains for giving me such an answer as will kill every hope I have in the world. There is nothing you may not tell me; but I tell you beforehand, that your dislike shall be the only reason that I will accept for 'No.' If you write, direct 'Poste Restante, Rome.' W. G."

"Dear Comrie," began the second, "I am just off for Italy—suddenly, and pour cause. You know that I am a stone of the rolling order; but this is really an urgent private affair. I should like to have seen you again before setting out, but I couldn't spare the time. Of course that's a *façon de parler*, as we used to say in Paris; a lie, as we used to say at Horchester; but never mind. I didn't want to see you, but I want to write to you; and so I do what I want, and don't do what I don't, as usual. When a fellow starts for foreign parts suddenly, and without preparing anything but what he can't get en route, he is sure to leave undone many things that he ought to have done. That is the major premiss; I am the minor. Now for the conclusion. Of course I want you to do something for me; and you will do it, just because you are a good fellow, and it is the fate of all good fellows to be put upon. In fact, I prefer to write my request so as to make it impossible for you to say 'No.'

"You know your neighbours, the Marches. You are a surgeon, and a Scotch surgeon; that is to say, a psychologist into the bargain. Find out for me if John March is a man whom you believe to be sane. I will tell you why, hereafter. Meanwhile, this is a very serious question for me, and concerns the business on which I am gone. Of course you will keep counsel. Sane or no, he has friends, and I am one of them. Of course, I don't give you any symptoms to go by. I am still physician enough to know that you will judge best with a mind that has not been written upon.

"Another thing. I am afraid the Marches are desperately poor. I must help them to live; but though it's easy to find the money, it's difficult to find a way to give it. Once more I look to you. I had thought of paying for a course of singing lessons for you—an hour a day wouldn't take up much of your time; but, from what I know of March, he would dismiss you after the first hour as a case of hopeless incapacity. I have heard your Scots wha hae, and I can imagine your attempt at a scale. Gifts and loans are not to be thought of for a moment. So please be a connoisseur in lace, or the agent for a connoisseur—anonymous, mind, for my name mustn't appear—and give a fancy price for a certain lace veil that Miss March wore at Lady Quorne's. Everybody saw it and raved about it, so

there would be nothing wonderful if somebody should wish to buy it. There could be no difficulty there; if there is, telegraph and let me know. Give March whatever he asks, but don't let him ask less than a hundred pounds. I enclose a cheque for it; only don't pay with the cheque, but in gold, so that my name mayn't come out in the transaction. If more is wanted, pay on account and telegraph again. I know all the trouble will be yours; but you must admit that all the ingenuity is mine.

"Don't take me for a madman, yet awhile. You know that that reason can be none the worse, and may be all the better, for not being given. Address, by telegraph, 'Poste Restante, Rome,' till further orders. I mean, I need not say, till further requests, if any; for I know what trouble you are going to take, and am yours, with thanks which, though paid beforehand, are not discounted,

"W. GORDON."

Having, as a matter of course, asked for telegrams from a man who was rich when he could spend the price of a foreign letter upon a meal, for time from one who had none to spare, and, in general, for careful attention to details from anybody but himself, he set off on that search for such possible footmarks of Andrew Gordon as a whole generation might have failed to wash away from the shifting soil of Italy, carrying in and over his heart Celia's first, last, and only letter, and reading it till he had misread it in a hundred ways. No letter from her lay at the post-office. Nor had he found one from Comrie till after many days, merely to tell him that the Marches had left Saragossa Row for an address known to Mrs. Swann, who also reported that they had gone away clear of debt, and, to her certain knowledge, were in no need of money. So that, at least, was well; and he had far too much to think of to notice that Comrie's note was both curt and cold. For that matter, male correspondence is not often criticised.

Enquire as he would, of hotel keepers, of musicians, of all possible people, official and unofficial, whose age or position made knowledge on their part possible, no traces could he find, save two. One was, that at such a date, an Englishman named Gordon had arrived, with passport in due

form, and had put up at such an hotel. Naturally, the hotel had changed its staff in the course of so many years. But there proved to be a fille-de-chambre there whose grandfather had been a valet-de-place in the old times, and was still alive. And he, by a stretch of memory so vivid as to be hardly distinguishable from an effort of imagination, distinctly recalled to mind that an Englishman had, that same year, left the hotel to see the carnival, and had never been seen again. Had he paid his bill? Ah, that the signor grandfather could not exactly remember; but he presumed no; why else should he disappear? Nor removed his luggage? No; his luggage remained at the hotel—perhaps yes; perhaps no. His name? It was an English name; but he was a little ugly man, young, and—in effect, as his excellency might know, young men, and old men too, disappeared not seldom if they stayed out after dark in Rome. What became of them? The signor grandfather only shrugged and said, *Chi lo sa?* Which meant, as plainly as a shrug and a tone could speak, they get stabbed in the back, and robbed, and left in the open road, or thrown in the river, and nobody knows but one man who will not speak except to his priest, and one who cannot, because he is dead, and there is an end.

And so, after all, Walter Gordon had come back to London only to learn that the Cleopatra of Andrew Gordon was announced by Prosper, and that Celia was to appear in the title-rôle. If John March was mad, there was more method in his madness than was pleasant to find. And Clari had bewildered him still more—not by her moods, which he had ceased to regard as any more significant than the caprices of a spoiled prima donna, but by her assertion that in any case the Cleopatra was the genuine work of a man whom she had known alive after the carnival. It all seemed an inextricable maze of deeds without motive, and consequence without cause, only accountable by the assumption that Walter Gordon himself was the only madman in the world, or else that all the world was mad except Walter Gordon. He was absolutely fighting with formless shadows; and he clung to his love for Celia as to the one pure steady lamp in a dance of phantoms. It was becoming the only real thing in the whole world.

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DR. DE JONGH'S

KNIGHT OF THE
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THEORD'OF
CHAS.III.

COMM'WITH THE STAR
OF THE ORDER OF
ISABELLA LA CATOLICA

COMM'WITH THE STAR
OF THE ORDER OF
CHRIST

GRAND OFFICER OF
THE ORDER OF
THE LION & SUN

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"For many years I have, in private practice, exclusively prescribed the Cod Liver Oil of DR. DE JONGH, from a large and intimate experience of its superiority as a remedial agent in appropriate cases to other Cod Liver Oils, ignorantly lauded on account of their comparative tastelessness and lightness of colour.

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"It was especially noted, in a large number of cases in which the patients protested they had never been able to retain or digest other Cod Liver Oil, that DR. DE JONGH'S OIL was not only tolerated, but taken readily, and with marked benefit.

"I believe the superior qualities of this Oil to be due to its being presented in a more completely natural condition as regards its organic composition. Attempts to over-refine by destructive chemical processes probably have the effect of removing organic constituents of the highest importance, indeed essential in promoting digestion and assimilation.

"DR. DE JONGH'S OIL is now the only Cod Liver Oil used in the ROYAL NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST."

[For further Select Medical Opinions see other side.

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In cases of Debility and Emaciation, the restorative powers of DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL have been remarkably manifested both with adults and children, its peculiar tonic and nutritive properties having entirely restored strength and health to the most feeble and deteriorated constitutions.

ROWLAND DALTON, Esq., M.R.C.S., *Dist-ict Medical Officer, Bury St. Edmunds*, writes :—

"In giving my opinion of Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, I have no hesitation in saying that I have not the slightest confidence in any other kind. The effects of DR. DE JONGH'S OIL are sure and most remarkable, especially in that broken-down state of health and strength which usually precedes and favours tubercular deposit; and I never recommend any other sort. The Oil I have had from you was for my own use, and it has certainly been the only means of saving my life on two occasions; and even now, when I feel 'out of condition,' I take it, and like it, unmixed with anything, as being the most agreeable way. I could wish that DR. DE JONGH'S OIL would come into general use, and entirely supersede the Pale and other worthless preparations."

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Dr. PROSSER JAMES,

Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.

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EXTRACTS from REPORT of the DIRECTORS,
FEBRUARY 13, 1878.

THE DIRECTORS are gratified in reporting that the past year has been one of great progress and prosperity for the PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

The New Business considerably exceeds the amount transacted in any previous year in the history of the Office. The number of Policies issued was 1,147, assuring £576,233, producing New Premiums amounting to £20,929.

The CLAIMS for the year were £205,554, making the total for the Quinquennium £840,872.

The INVESTED CAPITAL amounts to £2,019,251, and the average Interest realised during the year was £4 8s. per cent.

[OVER.]

The termination of the year 1877 completes another Quinquennium or Bonus Period, and the DIRECTORS are able to report that the results for the past five years are eminently satisfactory. A complete valuation has been made by Mr. CHARLES STEVENS, the Actuary and Secretary of the Office, of the liabilities under Policies of Assurance, upon the same tables of mortality and the same rate of interest (3 per cent.) as were adopted at the previous investigation in 1873. The result is a SURPLUS PROFIT on the accounts of £436,560 2s. A moiety of this sum will, according to the terms of the deed of constitution, be reserved till the next investigation to be made five years hence, and the other half will be apportioned as follows, viz. :—£209,941 1s. to the Policyholders and £8,339 to the Shareholders.

The DIRECTORS determined on the present occasion to have an independent valuation made of the liabilities of the Office under the Institute of Actuaries' H. M. Table, and for this purpose engaged the services of Mr. SPRAGUE, the eminent Actuary, to make such valuation. It is intended to include the results in the Returns to be made to the Board of Trade as an additional or supplementary valuation.

The DIRECTORS enter upon another Quinquennial Period with every indication of continued prosperity and success. The Branch Managers in the large towns, and the Agents generally throughout the country, are displaying increased energy in extending the business of the PROVIDENT; while the public at large are evidently becoming alive to the great advantages to be derived from assuring in Life Offices which, by the test of time and experience, have yielded substantial results to their Members.

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Though externally applied it has an internal action, physiologically, physically, and chemically upon the system, assisting nature to re-establish the normal balance of health and vigour, as witness the remarkable cures daily effected in cases of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, GOUT, DEAFNESS, HEAD AND TOOTH ACHE, PARALYSIS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, and Functional Derangements, &c., by means of PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC APPLIANCES, when all other remedies have failed.

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S. G. HUTCHINS,
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